

Constant, faire, and fine Betty.

Being

The Young-mans praile, of a curious Creature.
Faire shee was, and faire indeed,
And constant alwayes did proceed.



To the Tune of, Peggy went over Sea, with a Souldier.



Now of my sweet Betie,
I must speake in praile,
I never did see
Such a Lasse in my days,
She is kind and loving,
and constant to me;
Wherefore I will speake,
of my pretty Betty.

Betty is comely,
and Betty is kind,
Besides shee is pretty,
and pleaseth my mind:
She is a brave bonny Lasse,
lovely and free,
The best that ere was,
is my pretty Betty.

Her haire it doth glister,
like to threeds of gold;
All those that doe meet her,
admire to behold:
Her they take for luno,
so glorious seemes shee,
more brighter then Lun
is pretty Betty.

Her eyes they do twinkle,
like starrs in the skie,
She is without wrinkle,
her fore-head is high:

Faire Venus for beauty,
the like cannot be,
Thus I shew my duty,
to pretty Betty.

She hath fine cherry cheekes,
and sweet Corall lips,
Where is many one seeks,
love with kisses and clips,
But she like Diana,
flies their company,
She is my Tytana,
my pretty Bettie.

Her Chinne it is dimplet,
her visage is faire,
She is finely temped,
she is neat and rare.
If Hellen were living,
she could not please me,
I loy in praile giving,
my pretty Betty.

Her skinne white as snow,
her brest soft as downe,
All her parts below,
they are all firme and sound:
Shee's chaste in affection
as Penelope.
Thus endes the complexion,
of pretty Bettie.



The second part,

To the same tune.



Now of her conditions,
something he declares,
For some have suspicions,
She's false being faire:
But thee's not false hearted,
in any degree,
I'm glad I consorted,
with pretty Betty.

Her words and her actions,
they are all as one,
And all her affection,
is on me alone.
She hates such as vary,
from true constancy,
Long I must not tarry,
from pretty Betty.

Tell me my sweet Honey,
my joy and delight,
How hath my Cony
done ere since last night.
Oh what saies my dearest,
what saith thou to me,
Of all maids the rarest,
is pretty Betty.

Wo. Kind love thou art welcome,
to me day and night,
Why came you not home,
I did long for your sight:
My joy and my pleasure,
is onely in thee,
Thou art all the treasure,
of pretty Betty.

Wilt thou not come quickly,
I thinke I should dye,
For I was growne sickly,
and did not know why.
Now thou art my doctor,
and physicke to me,
I love thou art pastor,
for pretty Betty.

Sweet when shall we marry,
and lodge in one bed,
Long I cannot carry,
not my maiden head.
And there's none shall have the same,
but onely thee,
Tis thee that I crave,
to love pretty Betty.

Man. Bessie be thou contented,
wee'l quickly be wed,
Our friends are contented,
to all hath bin sed,
Thou shalt be my wife,
ere much older I be,
And Ile lead my life,
with my pretty Betty.

Their lovers were married,
and immediately,
And all was well carried,
they liv'd lovingly:
Let faire maids prove constant,
like pretty Bessie,
Fine Bessie hath the praise an't,
and worthy is thee.

FINIS. R.C.

London Printed for Iohn Wright the younger dwelling at the upper
end of the Old-Baily.